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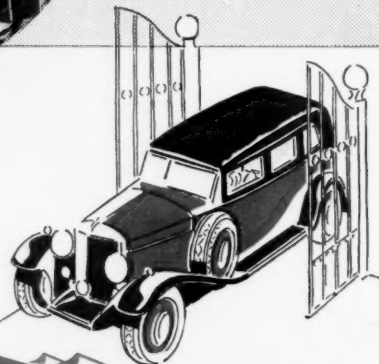
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# GOOD YEAR

BRITISH MADE TYRES

F A C T O R Y A T W O L V E R H A M P T O N

## Charivaria.

"Chancellors of the Exchequer are seldom very popular," says a *Morning Post* writer. It seems that there is nothing hidden from the sleuths of the Press.

The clinging type of girl is stated to be disappearing. Usually, we should say, in a cloud of dust, and clinging to her motor-cyclist in front.

"Most nations have more history than they really require," says a writer. And most schoolboys agree.

A statistical review mentions that there are thirty-six million motor-cars in the world. Incidentally, if they were all placed end-to-end, they would look like the Kingston by-pass road on a Sunday.

Balloons and streamers are banned on motor-coaches in Surrey. Very soon charabanc patrons will be reduced to looking at the scenery.

At a Florida hotel guests are not charged for any day the sun fails to shine. An Aberdonian who has just returned says that his holiday was marred by persistently fine weather.

Two hundred thousand cigarettes were recently stolen in East London. A really enthusiastic collector will go to any length to obtain a card to complete a particular set.

A man was recently seen in London wearing a heavy fur-coat over a white tropical suit. His idea was evidently that if the end of the world *did* arrive he would be prepared for any climate.

One of the great advantages of one-way streets is that the pedestrian does know where the motor-car is going to hit him.

An automatic floor-scrubber has been invented. One thing about it the housewife misses, however, is that it

doesn't gossip about the neighbours whose floors it scrubbed yesterday.

"Work is the greatest of all tonics," declares a business-man. The only trouble is that it has to be taken after meals—even after a heavy lunch.

A photographer says that he can actually photograph a blush by a special natural colour process. His only difficulty lies in finding one to photograph.

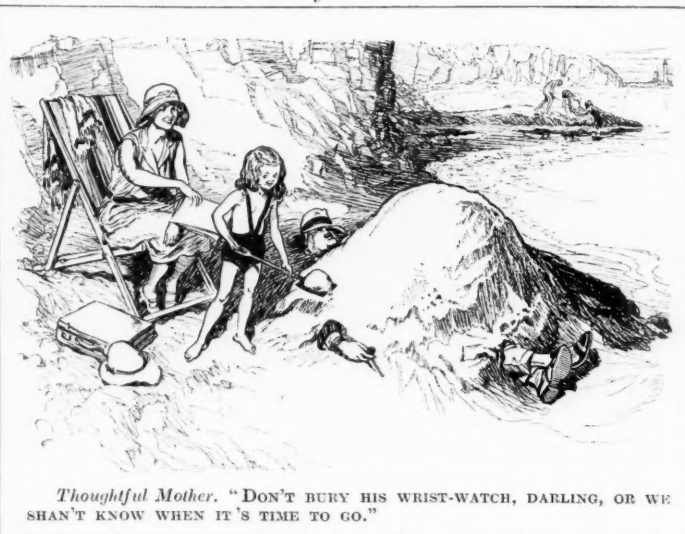
In view of the fact that a morning paper complains that we do not take county cricket seriously, spectators are being requested not to sleep with their hats over their eyes.

her husband and tried to set him alight. It appears that she noticed a coolness in his manner.

Of a professional dancer it is stated that he could dance on a soup-plate. If he tried this in one of our London dance-halls he'd have to share it with three or four other couples.

Recent experiments with the infra-red process have shown that one of the oldest Egyptian manuscripts we have is the story of a girls' school. *Children in Cuneiform*, no doubt.

A writer remarks that some people regard sharks as good to eat. The reverse of the case is equally true.



Thoughtful Mother. "DON'T BURY HIS WRIST-WATCH, DARLING, OR WE SHAN'T KNOW WHEN IT'S TIME TO GO."

"Oysters," observes a writer, "are difficult to open." One method is to place them near a loud-speaker during a Wireless Talk and slip in wedges when they yawn.

A surgeon is writing his memoirs. A feature of the volume is to be the appendix.

Angling correspondents inform us that the fish being caught this year are not so big as those of last year. They will be by next year, though.

A catalogue of over four million stars is now being prepared. Reference here is to the heavens and not musical comedy.

In France a woman poured oil over

A coal-merchant complains that business is slack. So is a lot of coal.

"Some motorists drive as if they own the road," complains a writer. Others drive as if they own the car.

CARNERA is said to have written a poem which is to be published. No wonder. He probably took it in person to the editor.

An entomologist declares that mosquitoes can keep on flying for fifteen hours without alighting. Then why don't they?

Fifty-seven old French gold coins were dug up by an American who was digging near Colchester. It looks as if a Three-Power Conference will have to be held.

"For Sale, Six Fishing Lies and Rods; nearly new."—*New Zealand Paper*. We shall carry on with the old ones, thank you.

"The next five holes were halved, Miss Fishwick fighting desperately, but unsuccessfully, to subdue a vicious hook."

*Local Paper*. This business of angling for celebrities has gone far enough.

Sweet Thought for Sinners.

"HELL BELOW . . . . .  
Always comfortably cool."  
*Theatrical Poster*.



### The Pageant;

Or, Pages From *Bogchester's History*.

"By my halidom, Meadows, thou'rt slow with yon doublet. Summon the other varlets to assist me on with my harness lest perchance I be late for the pageant. The church of Bogchester needeth a new heating-system, and it behoveth us not to be found wanting in the hour of trial. Let no pains be spared to make Episode III. at least worthy of its cause.

"Come, lads, hand me my sword and we will be off. Hast got thy bow-and-arrow, Henry? See to it that the point is blunted, my good man. We want no accidents to mar the excellence of this performance.

"On to Bogchester, Henry, and do not spare the motor. Meseems we are already late."

Indeed, as I force my way through the throng at the gates of Bogge Hall, I see that the first episode has started. But the crowd quickly gives way before me as they recognise from my costume that here is one who has an important part in the pageant, and I soon find myself in a position to obtain a capital view of the performance.

#### AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

A number of druids are seated round a log-fire and a lively dialogue is taking place.

"By Odin, 'tis cold!"

"By Freia, thou saidst it!"

"By Thor, I am sorry for those who have no heating installation!"

At this point an old priest joins the gathering.

"I have had a vision, my children," he says.

"Tell us of it, good father," cry all in tones of the liveliest excitement.

"Methought I saw the church which soon shall stand on yonder hill, a noble pile built with high resolve. And then two thousand years passed by as in a flash. I saw that church grown old but more majestic still, and yet within I saw the people shivering in their pews. I saw the stove that should have kept them warm rusted and broken, with its flues all burnt away. Yet for its state vicar and wardens of the church alike were blameless. Hard as they strove to keep it in repair, their task was overgreat. Nay, friends, their pressing need was money to renew the installation and the pipes."

"How much?"

"One hundred pounds."

"A goodly sum!"

"Yet none despaired. Sir George Gorge lent his grounds. The vicar wrote a pageant of the town. All strove their utmost for the common good, and by these means 'twas hoped to raise most of the sum. And for the rest, subscriptions should be sent direct unto the vicar or the wardens of the church."

"Tell us, good father, should all cheques be crossed?"

"By Freia, they should be crossed 'STOVE ACCOUNT.'"

#### SOLEMN AND IMPRESSIVE.

At this juncture a confused singing noise indicates that Episode I. is coming to a close. As I advance to the performers' tent to prepare for my appearance in Episode III. I encounter Captain Featherstonehaugh cutting a ludicrous figure as Robin Hood. It is when I see him leading his men to a spot behind the tent to practise archery that I begin to wonder whether the vicar would not have been better advised to have given him a less active part in the pageant.

But meanwhile the time for Episode III. has arrived. To the strains of sad music I stride slowly across the lawn to the centre of the arena. The episode represents the handing over of the keys of the brewery to the Abbot of Bogvaux Abbey. In the distance stands the figure of the Abbot surrounded by monks carrying empty casks. I am accompanied by a number of townspeople weeping and bewailing. Slow music fills the air. The whole scene is very solemn and impressive, and it is obvious that the spectators are being deeply moved. But suddenly the whole effect is destroyed by a ridiculous and entirely unnecessary incident.

#### GROSS AND INEXCUSABLE CARELESSNESS.

I have approached to where the Abbot stands and am making a low bow preparatory to handing over the keys when a spasm of pain shoots through me. I spring round with a cry and the cause of my injury becomes apparent. A flight of arrows, fired from behind the performers' tent, has descended into the very midst of the scene.

Not only is the whole dignity of the episode completely destroyed, but an opportunity is afforded for the rougher element of the audience to give vent to a number of coarse remarks and indelicate phrases which are little in keeping with the intentions of the pageant.

I make my way back hastily across the sward, seething with indignation, and am met at the doorway of the tent by Captain Featherstonehaugh.

"I think my arrows saved that scene from falling completely flat—what?" he says in a patronising manner.

For a moment I am speechless with rage that such an incident could have been contrived intentionally. When I recover my wits the Captain has disappeared, doubtless fearing the crushing rebuke which he sees trembling on my lips.

#### SOME BEAUTIFUL EPISODES.

There follows a scene from the Battle of Bogchester Green, which took place in the Wars of the Roses. In this the dialogue suffers from being the work of two authors, instead of, as in other scenes, being attributable to the vicar alone. In this case the latter half has been written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, whose style, though perfectly adequate, is quite different from that of the vicar.

And now we witness an episode which shows the coming of the Gorge family to Bogge Hall. Sir George himself takes the part of his grandfather, Sir Joseph Gorge. He advances on to the lawn with a bodyguard of miners carrying coal-bags and with a solicitor's clerk in attendance.

"Announce, clerk," he says, "the purpose of our coming."

The clerk commences to read from a scroll—

"The most noble Sir Joseph Gorge has been granted by Messrs. Sleep, Sleep, Carroway and Sleep the fair lands of the Manor of Bogge, with all rights, deeds, privileges and emoluments pertaining thereto."

There follows a flourish of trumpets, and the clerk continues: "Speak now, or be for ever silent. Do ye all submit yourselves to his overlordship?"

"No, I don't," cries a voice from the audience. "Sir Joseph give me father fourteen days for poaching what he never done."

Glancing quickly round, I have no difficulty in recognising the owner of the voice as Fred Smith, a loafer of a particularly undesirable character. Fortunately Police-Constable John Budge is soon on the spot and leads the interrupter away in custody. No doubt he will make his next appearance before the overlord of Bogge Hall when Sir George takes his seat on the Bogchester Bench.

Now comes the final scene, the Epilogue, which takes us





*Raven Hill*

### THE CARTWHEEL.

HERR HITLER. "OUR WONDERFUL REVOLUTION IS NOW COMPLETE."  
GERMAN CITIZEN. "ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY SURE?"



"WHY MUST THEY HAVE A BATSMAN AT EACH END?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, DARLING, THEY NEVER KNOW WHERE THE BOWLER'S GOING TO PITCH HIS BALL."

back once more to the dawn of history. The same druids are still seated round the log-fire, and they are continuing their conversation as if the scenes we have just witnessed were naught but an evil dream. The old priest still carries on his monologue.

"The vision fades, my son. The setting sun blinds my old rheumy eyes. Yet ere it vanish quite perchance some sign, some portent shall approach to tell the outcome of that far emprise."

#### MAGNIFICENT NEWS.

He pauses and seems to concentrate deeply. At this point the vicar hurries up and hands him a slip of paper. He glances at it and then continues in slow impressive tones, "My friends, the labour was not vain. The gate-receipts alone amounted to a hundred-and-twenty-three pounds, three-and-fourpence."

A burst of cheering greets this splendid news. The priest raises his voice to shout above the noise: "Though heavy were the costs—dresses, advertisements, stamps, stationery and scenes—some eighty pounds of this will still be left."

One of the druids stirs excitedly. "By Odin, father, there's the sale of the programmes too."

"True, true, my son, and that should raise another ten. The rest from private funds or jumble-sale can soon be met."

But now an impressive figure can be seen advancing. It is Mrs. Gloop, dressed as the Spirit of Bogchester.

"Good druids all," she says, "your work is done. Back to your graves retire. We hope our stove be half so warm as your enthusiasm's fire."

Finally the vicar appears and is greeted by a storm of

cheering. In a few well-chosen words he congratulates all of us on the success of the pageant.

"The people of Bogchester," he says, "have shown that, once having put their hands to the plough, they are not the sort to stop at the first fence." H. W. M.



#### Heavy Underwear for the Antarctic.

"To try to prove his theory, Pease is shortly to set off on a hazardous attempt to sail around the towering ice ranges of the South polar seas in a tiny slip of only 80 tons."—*West Indian Paper*.

#### Appropriate Reward.

[During a professional golf tournament a player lifted his ball and incurred a penalty of two strokes rather than damage the eggs in a lark's nest by which it had fallen.]

How must the mother-bird have been afraid  
When that great egg beside her own was laid!  
Surely the thoughtful soul who spared her nest  
Will be henceforth by many a birdie blest.

W. K. H.

## When the Theatre Awakes.

(Stage Gossip for which we may as well be prepared.)

NEXT Wednesday *The Fly in the Butter* at the Coronet Theatre will reach its fifteen-hundredth performance. More than ten thousand copies of TENNYSON'S poems have now been issued free to patrons who have seen the show six times. On Wednesday the management, in addition to presenting each member of the audience with a nest of enamel saucepans, will inaugurate a Gigantic New Free Gift Scheme which it is confidently anticipated will prolong the run for at least another six months.

*Slink*, the stark drama at the Paregoric, which was on the verge of being withdrawn after only five performances, has taken on a new lease of life. "I felt certain," Miss Amber Batten told me, "that the public conscience had only to be aroused for this pungently sensitive tragedy to meet with success, and I was right. The response to my offer of a complete set of GEORGE ELIOT to purchasers of tickets to the value of ten shillings has been overwhelming.

As an instance of the grip which *Slink* has now obtained on the public I noticed, on visiting the play a second time, at least fifty people enthusiastically reading their free copy of *Adam Bede* by the light of a pocket-torch during the performance.

I popped out of town the other day to interview Mrs. Elizabeth Casserole, of Dulwich, whose photograph appears on this page. As a playgoer Mrs. Casserole has surely set up a record. During the twelve weeks' season of SHAW plays at Hampstead she did not miss a single performance and so collected over a thousand Free Gift coupons which she has exchanged for a portable radio set.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Casserole with a wan smile, for she has scarcely recovered from the consequent nervous breakdown, "it did mean a lot of time and money, but it was worth it. I've always wanted a portable radio, but didn't feel justified in buying one. But getting one for nothing, as you might say, isn't to be sneezed at, so I just made up my mind I would and I did. It shows how you can stick a thing out if you mean to, though I don't think any of Mr. SHAW'S plays quite come up to *A Royal Divorce*, which I remember seeing as a child." She switched on the set for my benefit, but in her condition of nervous prostration the effort was too much for her and



Mother (with ambition). "... AND THE VERY CHEAPEST OF ALL SEATS IS TEN SHILLINGS. Now WILL YOU PRACTISE?"

she swooned in the arms of her devoted daughter-in-law, who had frequently attended her throughout her ordeal.

Sir Malvern Barry, who I found busily revising his Free Gift Catalogue and dictating a statement for the Official Receiver, was quietly enthusiastic regarding his SHAW venture. "I have never," he said, "known a SHAW season to equal it. If only my creditors had let me I could have played SHAW for six months."

The fallibility of dramatic critics is again demonstrated by the new play, *Cocktail Virtue*, which, despite a bad Press, is drawing crowded houses. Not only is this play sumptuously staged

but the management hit upon the happy idea of furnishing the scenes throughout with Free Gifts, which are presented nightly to the lucky occupants of certain seats. As I have so often insisted in these columns people will go to see a play if it is worth while. D. C.

### Over-swinging at St. Andrews.

"An azure sky was liberally dotted with fleecy clouds, and the sun shone cheerfully when the clubs were not passing in front of it."—*Evening Paper*.

"She nodded. 'You're right there. The whole thing was madness.' Then she put the receiver to her lips."—*Serial Story*. And the whole twopence was wasted.



### In an Orchard.

THROUGH the sweet air with heat aglow  
Rises and falls a rhythmic swishing sound  
As the curved scythe sweeps slowly o'er the ground  
And feathery grasses tall  
In long straight swathes, row upon row,  
Proud and unbending fall.

I wish that I could mow!  
That old man with the bristly chin  
And back bent double by rheumatic pains  
Swings his worn weapon out and in  
Methodical and slow;  
And with its bright edge razor-keen  
Shaves the rough pasture clean,  
Nor any tuft of softest grass remains  
Where his skilled hand has been.

But where I go  
Long straggly wisps affront the critic's eye,  
And the soft under-grasses duck their heads  
So that the blade goes harmless by  
And leaves them untouched, crouching in their beds.  
And when I try  
With all the force that anger can afford  
To make a clean sweep, straight into the sward  
The point jabs like a thrusting sword  
Most ignominiously.

Why did I waste my youth  
In memorizing many verbs in *μ*,  
In knocking foolish balls about a field,  
In dipping at those wells which only yield  
So very little truth?

Now I am old, and so  
I don't think I shall ever learn to mow! H. C. B.

### Bringing in the Millennium.

ONE fine day in the year Dot, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, who had just returned from the Umpteenth Supreme World Conference somewhere in the Pacific, pressed a nicely-polished little button on his desk in Downing Street. Immediately maroons were fired and bells were rung all over the country. Tumultuous cheers rose from millions of throats. Champagne was given away to all-comers in Throgmorton Street. The wonderful London police were kissed by wonderful American young ladies. The sun shone. The Millennium had officially begun.

After the pandemonium of rejoicing had died down to a satisfied gurgle, the voice of a B.B.C. announcer was heard. "The Prahm Ministah," it said, "will explain the terms on which the Millennium has been arranged."

"I am very happy indeed," began the Prime Minister, in his rich rolling baritone, "to introduce the Millennium. I think it will be a very good thing for this country. Most of you have no doubt gathered from our excellent newspapers how the Millennium will affect the ordinary citizen, and for some little time past we have all been enjoying its preliminary benefits under the provisional arrangement introduced by the President of the United States. I need do no more than point out that the Millennium solves the unemployment problem, frees the whole world from trade obstructions, superannuates war, establishes a stable and universal measure of currency, and allows anybody to go

where he likes for his holiday. We have solved the problems of economics and disarmament at one blow.

"To explain how this has been accomplished I shall have to go back a few years to the time of the Great Depression. Some of you will remember that in the conferences of that time two subjects were all-important—Economic Recovery and Disarmament. Everybody declared that they were inseparably linked together, yet nobody properly understood how. The ideal solution of the Disarmament problem was to get all the nations to scrap their weapons, which somehow they seemed in no hurry to do till everybody else had done it already.

"The economic problem was more complicated—you must remember that in those days economists were not certifiable—but everybody agreed that it depended on the good behaviour of money. In the old days money was taught to behave properly by putting it on the Gold Standard, which worked very well till everybody went off the Gold Standard. Gold just got locked up in banks, where ordinary people never saw it.

"The problem, then, was to provide a substitute for gold which all nations would be willing to accept. Some people suggested silver. Others urged the claims of platinum. British patriots thought that the pound sterling was good enough on its own. Americans were keen on the dollar. Various authorities wanted the Gold Standard to be taken back into service again, but none of these proposals satisfied everybody.

"It was here that the Disarmament Conference came in so useful. Conscientious discussion had made it quite clear that everybody wanted to keep Armaments while nobody intended to use them.

"Very well," we said, "that settles everything. Let us simply put Armaments in the place of gold and carry on our business with an Armaments Standard, which will clearly satisfy everybody."

"And that, my friends, is just what we have done these last few months. Every country in the world recognises the validity of the Armaments Standard. Thanks to the incredibly painstaking labours of technical experts, the various classes of Armaments have been arranged according to their value on a scale of infinite delicacy. The scientific unit we have adopted is called the Arm, just like the Ohm and the Volt in electricity. An up-to-date machine-gun all the world over is worth one thousand Arms, one litre of refined poison-gas is worth twelve hundred Arms, and so on. According to the agreement we have lately negotiated, every country is bound to keep an Armament Reserve of at least forty per cent. of its nominal currency issues. Since all the nations found it so difficult to get rid of their Armaments even when they were trying to, it is quite clear that no country will risk coming off the Armaments Standard by allowing its reserve to sink too low. We need have no fear that Bolivia will default on bombing aeroplanes or Paraguay on armoured cars.

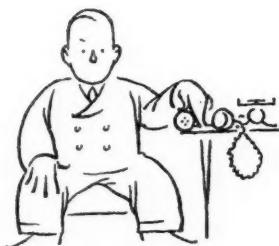
"According to the Armaments Standard, the Bank of England is compelled to sell armaments to anybody who applies for them, provided that they are taken in values of at least one Dreadnought sterling.

"Now that Armaments play the part of Gold, the fear of war has become obsolete. Just as Gold was withdrawn from everyday circulation and locked up in the banks, so Armaments are being put under lock and key by the financial authorities of the world. People may hoard Arma-

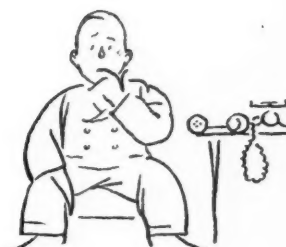
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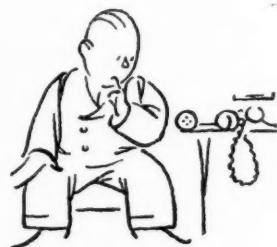
"WILL I DINE WITH YOU  
ON FRIDAY? . . .



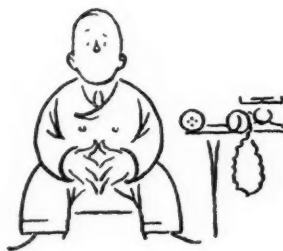
MAY I RUN UPSTAIRS AND  
LOOK AT MY BOOK? . . .



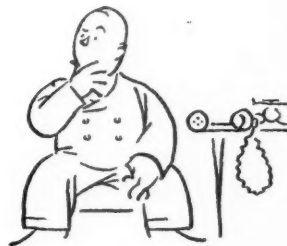
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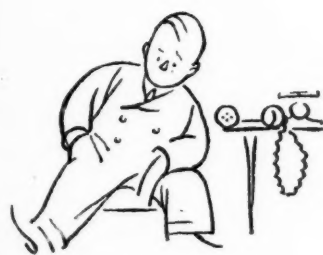
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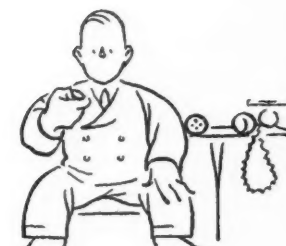
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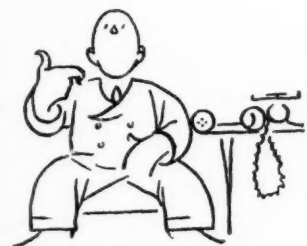
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FRIGHTFULLY SORRY; I  
FIND I'M ENGAGED."



THE ETERNAL FEMINE.

ments as they did Gold, but nobody is going to squander them on such an unremunerative transaction as a war. We have some nice shiny bombs in the Bank of England, but we are not going to impair our credit by letting them off. The last thing we can afford to do is to use our battle-ships in a battle, and the same holds good of everybody else. Our first concern is to balance our Budget and maintain financial integrity. We are succeeding so well that many foreigners are already depositing their armaments with us as offering the greatest security.

"That, my friends, is roughly how the Armaments Standard works, and I think you will agree that it has been the chief means of solving our problems and bringing in this nice Millennium, which I am sure we shall all enjoy very much."

### Fruit in Season.

It is one thing to write a novel and quite another to find a title for it. You would not think, perhaps, to look along the shelves at your local subscription library, that successful novelists devote a lot of time and thought to their titles, but they do. Cockfoster says so, and he should know.

Cockfoster is one of the leading literary agents in London. As my wife says, he has been a long time leading me anywhere, but then she has never liked the man. She dislikes the way he does his hair and complains that he always reminds her of something out of the Botanical Gardens.

However, we need not concern ourselves with Cockfoster's features. The man himself is indisputably sound. I am repeatedly hearing of manuscripts he has sold, and not

always from himself. Moreover, his filing system is proof of it. I know of no man who files with such system as does Cockfoster.

It was to these files of his that he turned the other morning when I called to ask him for an explanation of the twelfth rejection of my novel. The trouble, he maintained, lay in the title, which was insufficiently fruity.

"Fruity?" I repeated, thinking that this was just another of the vulgarisms he picks up from some of his more profitable clients.

"Fruity," he insisted. "Surely you have observed the modern predilection for some mention of fruit?"

I said I was afraid not.

He shook his head reprovingly. "As an author, my dear Sir, you should make a point of keeping conversant with the literary fashions. It is your business to know, for example, that for some time past there has been a heavy run on apples. No publisher's list is considered complete without some mention of them."

"You amaze me," I told him.

"Then you have no business to be amazed," he replied, and reached out for the alphabetical section of his files dealing with the letter A. "The number of novels published so far this year whose title includes the word 'apple,'" he informed me, "is forty-three. Here is a selection of them: *Apples be Bruised, Come Apple Go Apple, Sour Apples, Apples do Wilt, He Apple She*—"

"What do they mean?" I interrupted, a trifle hastily.

He frowned. "It is not a question, Sir, of what they mean. It is a question of what is being done." He selected at random another section of his files. "Here we have cherries. This fruit also has a large following. There are



twenty-two examples of what I may call the Cherry title—*Cherry by Night, Cherries be Gone, And then Cherries*—"

"But—" I began.

He glanced up, his frown deepening. "Well?"

"Do you really think it's necessary? To mention fruit, I mean."

"I think it is advisable. I most certainly think it is advisable. You observe the modern trend?"

"Yes, quite. But what I mean is, there are novels published to-day that do not mention fruit."

"Possibly," he agreed. "Possibly there are even some that do not mention cereals or, for that matter, seed. But I see no reason why you should limit your appeal in this way. You have no moral scruples in the matter, I take it?"

I shook my head. "No, it's not that. Only the thing's semi-biographical, I mean, and *Richard Ramsbotham* is so obviously the right title."

He made a wry face. "As well go the whole classical hog," he said, "and give it an alternative title. *Richard Ramsbotham; or, The Mystery of the Old Tub*. Such things, my dear Sir, are simply not done to-day."

I thought wistfully of *Henry Esmond* and *Jane Eyre*. "It seems I was born a century too late."

"Oh, come," he rallied me politely. "We will soon think of a good title. Let me see now, what is the book all about?"

"A voyage on a windjammer," I told him. "That's the trouble. The whole of the action takes place at sea. They live throughout on tinned food and lime-juice. They do not once taste either fresh fruit or vegetables."

But there is no gainsaying these practical literary agents.

Cockfoster merely smiled. "Then we will call it *Deep Sea Apples*," he said.

### Bedtime.

THEY built my cottage of elm and oak,  
Wattle and daub, with a plaster cloak,  
In fifteen-hundred-and-eighty-three  
Where the pillory used to be—  
Timber cut from ribs and knees  
Of ships that traded overseas  
When ruffs and swords were worn.

Thatch on the roof so piled and thick  
You'd think I lived in a farmer's rick,  
Ghosts that sailed in the *Golden Hind*  
Sit in the shadows—I don't mind—  
They seem to want to talk to me  
Of booms and bowsprits lost at sea,  
Of topsails stripped and torn.

The Tudor fire-dogs glint and glow,  
I look at the burning logs and know  
That Master Jones of the *Salcombe Gale*,  
Who fought at Calais in 'eighty-eight,  
Is smiling down at the bricks he knew  
And telling me he was a sailor too  
Before the house was born.



"DOES HE ANSWER TO HIS NAME?"

"No, he DOESN'T ANSWER TO IT, BUT IT MAKES HIM THINK."

## At the Pictures.

## THE BING GIRL.

THE British film, *Britannia of Billingsgate*, has one excellent and, so far as I can recall, original idea in it. *Mrs. Bolton*, a fishwife and eating-house proprietor, played with all her exuberant humanity by VIOLET LORAINÉ, has the habit of singing as she cooks and



AND THE WORLD PASSED BY:  
OH, BAGSFUL OF LUMPS FOR THE THROAT.  
*Mrs. Bolton* . . . VIOLET LORAINÉ.

washes up; and it happens that on the occasion of a cinema apparatus being present at Billingsgate, her husband, a market-porter, meddling with the valves, inadvertently touches buttons which, unknown to herself, record her voice. At a rehearsal of the Billingsgate film this voice, so pleasantly familiar to British playgoers but new to the Italian film-producer, breaks into the story. At first the producer, a voluble Latin, is disconcerted, but then, realising its compelling quality, he broadcasts a reward of ten pounds to anyone who can identify it.

The best moments in the picture are when half-a-dozen friends of *Mrs. Bolton*, including her husband, listening-in, recognise the tones and make a break for the nearest telephone-box to ring up the B.B.C. and claim the money. When I add that the husband is played by that hard-bitten Cockney cynic, GORDON HARKER, I shall have established my point.

For the rest, the film follows very ordinary lines, the main theme being the ruination of simple lives by the sudden arrival of too great wealth—

in this case acquired by *Mrs. Bolton*, who naturally at once becomes a movie-star. Almost in the twinkling of an eye *Mr. Bolton*, for all his hard-bitten Cockney cynicism, turns into a drunkard and a gambler, the son cultivates deception and dirt-track ambitions, and the daughter, with no vestige of pride or restraint, flings herself at a leading-man. *Mrs. Bolton* alone keeps her head, gallantly singing the family back to commonsense and happiness once more.

Not a very entertaining story nor over-concerned with reality, but a personal success for Miss LORAINÉ, who, having taken the plunge into this unfamiliar medium, will now do better.

There are two points about *The Eagle and the Hawk*, the new film in which FREDRIC MARCH appears, that are unusual. One is that it is a story of the Great War coming at a time when one thought producers had turned their backs definitely on that event; and the other is that the funny man is killed in it, and killed far too early. The principle of killing a funny man at all—that is, when he is really funny—is wrong, but that it is peculiarly and un-



LOST OPPORTUNITIES.  
HOW THE EX-FISH-PORTER MIGHT HAVE  
BROUGHT IN THE MEAL.

*Mr. Bolton* . . . . . GORDON HARKER.

forgivably wrong when the funny man is JACK OAKIE, everyone will agree who saw that admirable picture, *Once in a Lifetime*, which, by the way, would come almost first in my list of Pictures—that-clamour-to-be-revived or Pictures—that-should-always-be-accessible.

Apart from the lamented and untimely death of *Mike Richards*, the part

that JACK OAKIE takes, the film is not too novel, but FREDRIC MARCH as an intrepid and brilliant American aviator to whom the waste of life, and especially of young life, is an increasing source of humiliation and suffering, does his best to carry conviction. He would succeed better if one was not expecting him at any moment to turn



J.H.D.

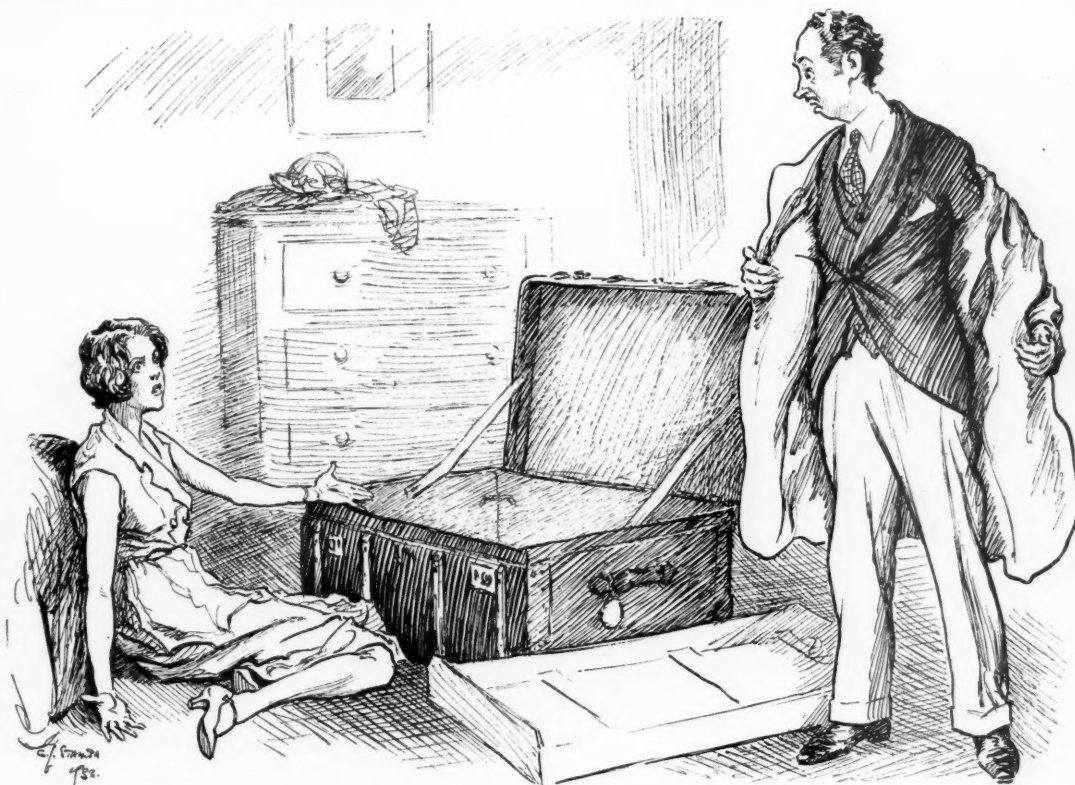
## AN AIRMAN'S TAXI.

*Jerry Young* . . . . . FREDRIC MARCH.  
*The Beautiful Lady* . . . CAROLE LOMBARD.

into *Dr. Hyde*. The actual flying is less remarkable than I have seen it in many other films, and I doubt if in any War picture so many opportunities of not saluting a superior officer were taken.

Lastly let me draw attention to a good story, *The Kid's Last Fight*, in which DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS THE SECOND impersonates a professional boxer who in the drunken small hours has the misfortune to hit a journalist rather too hard and therefore to have to flee from justice. His subsequent adventures make an exciting spectacle, which would be more credible if against discovery he ever took any precaution more drastic than lowering the brim of his hat and turning up the collar of his coat. He does not even grow a beard, and one sits in a state of exasperation not only at his own folly (for he is an engaging youth and the reporter was a sneak) but at the shortsightedness of the producer. When, however, the time comes for a motor-car, driven by two crooks and pursued by cops on motor-bicycles, to overturn and burst into flames, the producer most conspicuously deserves a hand. Never has this always enchanting effect been better managed.

E. V. L.



*Illusionist's Wife (on arrival at holiday destination). "JUST THE SORT OF THING YOU WOULD DO! PACKED EVERYTHING IN THE DISAPPEARING TRUNK."*

### The Tyrant.

"THAT there tree ain't no good," announced Giles, fixing me with a malevolent eye.

"It's a very nice tree," said I, looking at my favourite. "There are at least six apples on it, if not seven; and I like the way its branches hang all twisted, and the moss and the grubs, and that old bird's-nest as well. The whole effect pleases me."

Giles snorted. "Reckon I'd cut it down Monday, only the old saw's that blunt."

"You'll do no such thing, Giles. I climbed that tree in the days of my youth, and I'm fond of it."

"There's a nandy saw in Mr. Jacob's shop," went on Giles imperturbably. "Not a very big price neither. 'E's sending it round ter-night. Ah-h-h-h!"

"Then he can take it back again. I'm not buying any more saws, and once and for all that tree is not——"

"Me brother-in-law's got some fruit-trees for sale," broke in Giles.

"Indeed! I hope he sells them."

"Rare good trees they be and all.

Bringing 'em round ter-morrer. Only a pound a-piece."

"How many?" I inquired.

"Five," said Giles, scowling horribly.

"We don't want five trees in place of one."

"Young trees dies sometimes," explained Giles in gloomy triumph.

"Two will be plenty."

"You can't 'ardly expect me brother-in-law to separate them trees after the trouble 'e's 'ad a-rearing of 'em. 'Tain't likely."

"What kind of apple-trees are they, anyway?"

Giles scratched his head. "Well, they ain't apple-trees in a manner of speakin'."

"What then?" I asked.

"Damisons," was the reply.

"I will not have five damson-trees in this garden. I don't like damsons. They are horribly sour, and I swallow the stones."

"Me brother-in-law," went on Giles, ignoring my outburst, "will throw in five protectors for another two pound."

"Protectors," said I; "wherefor?"

Rabbits, he assured me, were partial to damison-trees.

"I've got no rabbits, unless your confounded brother-in-law intends setting me up with some."

Giles looked pained. "One bucket o' whitewash, a new brush, some grease-bands, a syringe and 'sec'icide."

"What on earth?"

"For sprayin' bugs."

"Would the trees be cheaper minus the bugs?"

Giles turned his eye in my direction and I felt myself wilt. "Then you'd like me to plant they trees ter-morrer?" he said, turning away.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so."

"I shall want a new spade," he called over his shoulder.

"You shall have it," I said, and looked sadly at the apple-tree.

### Hitler for Hygiene!

"There were no fewer than forty-one thousand men and women in Berlin, she declared, who dared not sleep in the same room every night."—*Daily Paper*.

"... the former bowling unchanged and having an astonishing succession of revenue of £174 16s. 2d."—*Welsh Paper*.

He must have performed the taking-round-the-hat trick.



## Misleading Cases.

*Foul v. Myer.*

THE Lady Chancellor, on taking her seat to-day, said: "I wish to refer again to the 'Enticement' appeal dismissed by your Lordships' House last week. For I was compelled to pass quickly over one or two matters which deserve prolonged and public consideration.

"I often dwell with satisfaction upon the case of *The Queen v. Jackson*, [1891] 1 Q.B. 671, for this, in my judgment, is the true charter of the married woman, though few are the wives who ever heard of it. That was the glorious action in which the Court of Appeal decided that a husband may not seize and detain the person of his wife, though he has an order for the restitution of conjugal rights and she refuses to return home.

"Last week I deprecated and dismissed the common but insulting comparison between the position of a wife and the position of a servant who is induced by a stranger without good cause to leave the master's house.

"When the cook walks out the master has two actions for damages open to him—one against the cook for breach of contract, and another, in tort, against the person who persuaded her to break it.

"But when his wife walks out he has no real remedy. He cannot have her arrested; he cannot hold her by force, for she is no longer a chattel. She is now a responsible person able to call not only her property but her soul her own. He cannot bring an action for damages against her, and therefore, as we held last week, it cannot be right that he should be allowed to extract damages from a third party who persuaded her to go. For this is a Common Law action and the Common Law principles of justice must prevail. Either the wife's going away is wrongful, in which case, as a responsible person, she should be punished too; or it is not wrongful, in which case neither ought to be punished.

"It is clear that the law does not seriously regard it as a wrongful act from the lack of assistance which it gives to the husband. What can he do? He can go to the Court and petition for restitution of conjugal rights; and a

most unsatisfying remedy that is. For the Court will solemnly make an order for the restitution of his conjugal rights, that is, for the return of his wife to his arms. But no power in the world can enforce that order. The wife may sit in the house opposite, decline to budge, and perhaps (though this is not established) make faces at him. The Court can no longer commit her for her contempt in disobeying the order; and if the enraged husband seizes and detains her the Court will sternly order her release, as in the glorious case of *The Queen v. Jackson* (1891).

"The order for restitution of conjugal rights will assist the husband to obtain a judicial separation; but there, in the absence of infidelity, his remedies end.



"JUST LOOK AT THIS AEROPLANE, DARLING?"

"OH, NANNY, I'M FRIGHTFULLY BUSY. JUST LOOK AT IT FOR ME."

"The wife, in short, may walk out of his house and remain out of it, so far as the law is concerned, without a care in the world. And I may add that the husband as a rule is obliged to pay the expenses of the litigation on both sides.

"Such, baldly and briefly, is the position in the nine hundred and ninety-nine cases where the wife has no property of her own. In the thousandth case, where the wife has substantial earnings or property of her own, the Court, by statute, may, if it thinks fit, order a settlement of part of her property or the payment of part of her earnings for the benefit of the husband and any children of the marriage. But in practice the Court has very rarely thought fit; and the cases are so few that they do not affect the general position. In any event it is not a payment in the nature of damages.

"This will appear to some to be a shocking state of affairs, but only to those who have refused to realise that the world, and woman in particular, has moved ahead in recent times. Even the law has moved, but unevenly; one foot drags a long way behind the other. And this kind of litigation is the result.

"My Lords and husbands, these feeble wriggles will not prevail. I doubt, my Lords, if it still can be said that a husband has a 'right' to his wife's society. 'Ubi jus, ubi remedium'—'Where there is a right there is a remedy.' But here, in any real sense, there is no remedy at all. The order for restitution is an empty form and is not even seriously intended by the Court. The only 'right' left to the husband is a right to insist that she remains

chaste, and divorce her if she does not. He has no 'right' to insist upon her presence, and so it cannot be an actionable wrong to take her away.

"And I warn the British husband that there is more to come. If he cannot effectively forbid his wife to walk out of the house for good, he cannot evidently forbid her to leave him for a shorter period; for the greater must include the less.

There comes a time in the life of every wife when, however faithful and affectionate, she feels: 'This house, this man are on my nerves. I must go away for a month or two and return refreshed to the

duties of the home.' And too often she is restrained from going by the angry commands of the husband, which she supposes to be backed with legal authority. I have to tell her that they are not. Nor are the blustering prohibitions, so often heard, that a wife shall not go out of the house to this place or to that. Only yesterday Lord Slate forbade me to go to the greyhound-races. I referred him to the case of *The Queen v. Jackson* (1891). 'If,' I said, 'I choose to go to Kamschatka for the rest of my days, you can neither prevent nor punish me. Evidently, then, I am free to go to Shepherd's Bush for a single evening.' In other words, the two emotions most odious in a spouse—unreasoning jealousy and tyrannical possessiveness—have no longer any legal excuse, for the commands which they inspire need not be obeyed and cannot be enforced.

"My Lords, for my part I rejoice at the change; and I dwell with satisfaction on the case of *The Queen v. Jackson* (1891). The 'enticement' action is a roundabout attempt to steal from her what she won on that great day, the right to determine, as a responsible person, in what house she will live.

"I object to this action for another reason, that it unfairly penalises the well-to-do. It is in essence a vindictive and a greedy action, for it would never be brought against a poor man, though he persuaded fifty wives to leave their homes. Which means that there is to be one standard of behaviour for the poor and another for the well-to-do. No man with an income will dare to speak to an unhappy wife or lend a sympathetic ear to her troubles, for the next day she may leave the home and he be served with a writ for persuading her to go. Legal actions concerning the personal relationships of men and women must always be odious to a civilised community. They should as much as possible be diminished, not increased; and where they are unavoidable they should turn upon public policy and not on pounds, shillings and pence. Certainly the accidents of income should never be the deciding factor which brings such matters before the Court. If an enticer ought to be punished he ought to be punished whether he is rich or poor.

"But the truth is that the whole discussion is uncivilised and crazy. This is the year 1933 A.D.—not B.C.; and it staggers me to hear British Judges and King's Counsel debating solemnly whether blood-money is payable to the husband whose wife can no longer endure his society. They are back in the primeval woods, pursuing with bow and arrow the stranger who has dared to speak to a woman of the tribe; but we shall not go with them.

"No, my Lords, the law has at last begun to realise that all talk of 'rights' and 'rights of action' is barbarous and out-of-date in relation to human hearts and affections; for these cannot, like heads of cattle or pieces of land, be assigned irrevocably to this person or that. Nor can they be priced and valued when they are transferred to another. The man or woman who comes to this House and says that he or she is burning with a holy love for an absconding spouse, but will take a thousand pounds by way of compensation, that man or woman will receive no encouragement from me, whatever ingenious form the action may take. My Lords and husbands, I dwell with satisfaction on the glorious case of *The Queen v. Jackson* (1891)."

A. P. H.



Mother. "AND DON'T BE SO GIRLISH, JULIA—NOT FOR TEN YEARS OR SO."

### Song.

By the brown burn's flowing  
Where the hill winds wait  
Are the high clouds going  
In a march sedate.

The long-thrown shadows  
On the bare hill's face  
Move towards the meadows  
In a soundless race.

The slow breeze slipping  
Down the warm hill-side  
Sets the harebells dipping  
In a gentle pride;

And it's there I'm longing  
On the hill to sleep

Where shadows are thronging  
And lapwings sweep,

Where the track winds lonely  
Through the hill-flowers small,  
And for sound comes only  
The curlew's call.

"TO-NIGHT'S BIG FIGHT.  
PETERSEN AND DOYLE COMPARED.  
PUNCH MAY DECIDE."

*Yorkshire Paper.*

Happily the referee did it for us.

"A learned biologist may be quite at sea with such a book as the Fourth Gospel of the Epistle to the Romans."—*West Indian Paper.*  
But then so might many theologians.



Scene—ETON AND HARROW MATCH.

"I SAY, WE SHALL HAVE TO BE PRETTY QUICK OVER LUNCH WHEN WE DO GET IN, OR WE SHAN'T HAVE TIME TO LINE UP IN THE TEA QUEUE."

### Songs of a Sub-Man.

X.—Take Me in Your Arms, Miss Moneypenny-Wilson.

TAKE me in your arms, Miss Moneypenny-Wilson,  
Take me in your arms, Miss Bates;  
Fatal are your charms, Miss Moneypenny-Wilson,  
Fatal are your charms, Miss Bates;  
Say you are my own, Miss Moneypenny-Wilson,  
Say you are my own, Miss Bates;  
You I love alone, Miss Moneypenny-Wilson,  
You, and you alone, Miss Bates.

Sweet is the morn, Miss Moneypenny-Wilson;  
Sweet is the dawn, Miss B.,  
But sweeter than the dawn and the daisies on the lawn  
Are you, sweet nymphs, to me.  
Sweet, sweet, sweet is the sugar to the beet,  
Sweet is the honey to the bee,  
But sweeter far than such sweets are  
Are your sweet names to me.  
Oh, bitter, bitter, bitter is the lemon to the fritter,  
Bitter is the salt to the sea,  
And bitter, very bitter was my figure to the fitter  
Who fitted this suit on me;  
Bitter to the sitter, when the crowds come and titter,  
Must the R.A.'s portrait be,  
But bitterer by far than these bitternesses are  
Is your bitter scorn to me.

Moon of my delight, Miss Moneypenny-Wilson,  
Moon of my delight, Miss Bates;  
Cold as you are bright, Miss Moneypenny-Wilson,  
Icily polite, Miss Bates;  
Hear you not my voice, Miss Moneypenny-Wilson?  
Hear you not my voice, Miss Bates?  
Are you deaf by choice, Miss Moneypenny-Wilson?  
Are you deaf by choice, Miss Bates?

Deaf to my cries, Miss Moneypenny-Wilson,  
Deaf to my sighs, Miss B.;  
Deaf to my songs and the story of my wrongs,  
Deaf to my minstrelsy;  
Deaf as a newt to the sound of the flute,  
Deaf as a stone to the sea;  
Deaf as a heifer to the sighing of a zephyr  
Are your deaf ears to me.  
Cold, cold, cold as the melancholy mould,  
Cold as the foam-cold sea,  
Colder than the shoulder of a neolithic boulder  
Are the shoulders you show to me.  
Cruel, cruel, cruel is the flame to the fuel,  
Cruel is the axe to the tree,  
But crueller and keener than a coster's concertina  
Is your cruel, cruel scorn to me.





### THE IMPERIAL TRAVELLER.

H.R.H. "I'VE JUST BEEN INSPECTING THIS SHOW, MADAM; AND I ADVISE YOU TO DO THE SAME—AND SEE IF YOU CAN'T BRING YOUR TRADING METHODS UP-TO-DATE."

July

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## Essence of Parliament.

Monday, July 10th.—A number of questions by Sir ALFRED KNOX and Sir WILLIAM DAVISON elicited from the FOREIGN SECRETARY the assurance that it is still the intention of His Majesty's Government that the negotiation of a permanent treaty with the Soviet Government must be accompanied by a satisfactory settlement of British claims in respect of confiscated property and repudiated loans.

This did not quite satisfy Sir WILLIAM DAVISON. Would the right hon. gentleman see that no temporary arrangements were made without the interests of these claimants being safeguarded? "Of course we are most anxious to do everything to help," was the somewhat unconvincing reply.

Mrs. COPELAND asked Sir KINGSLEY WOOD if, seeing that under the new dialling system the subscribers did most of the work, he could see his way to reducing telephone charges. It takes a woman to think of a practical thing like that, but the suggestion left the POSTMASTER-GENERAL cold. Then Sir ARTHUR MICHAEL SAMUEL, anxious to show that his sex can be as practical as any other, suggested that if the Post Office wanted more revenue it should ask every Government Department to print its telephone number on its note-paper. Sir KINGSLEY's reply, if he had given one, would doubtless have been that that would be asking for tr-r-ouble.

Mr. POTTER asked the HOME SECRETARY if he would take steps to bring about some uniformity of the law in regard to the summer-time extensions of time to liquor licensees. Mr. HACKING could hold out no hopes. At the present time there was a case pending in regard to this question. Lieut.-Colonel APPLIN then mentioned a bar in his constituency where, he said, one could get a drink until ten o'clock at one end of it and until half-past ten at the other.

"Perhaps the hon. and gallant gentleman will see me afterwards," replied Mr. HACKING in tones of awakened interest.

"What's everybody's business is nobody's business," said JOE CHAMBERLAIN on an historic occasion when somebody asked him how it came about that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (then at the height of his unpopularity) had emerged unscathed from a Birmingham meeting. So it was with to-night's debate on

the Economic Conference. There were so many important things that it was everybody's business to say that nobody made it his business to say them. To some extent that may have been



"HAIL, COLUMBIA!"

(Duet by Colonel WEDGWOOD and Sir ROBERT HORNE.)

because Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN said so much at exhaustive length that really required no elaboration at all. He began by saying that he doubted whether anything had happened at the Geological Museum, whether in public



A PAST MASTER IN BEDSIDE MANNER.  
MAJOR ELLIOT, M.B.

or private, in the open or in secret, that the Press's industrious and inventive gleaners had not already communicated to the public. There was, however, such a thing as having too much information, so the Committee would per-

haps like him to tell them how far the Conference had got and to re-state the British attitude and policy.

When America went off the Gold Standard there were some who thought the Conference should be postponed. President ROOSEVELT himself, however, expressed himself in favour of an early meeting and quick conclusions. In particular the President had said the Conference must hurry up and produce order out of chaos by stabilising currency.

The Conference had accordingly met on June 12th, and two days later he himself had stated the British policy on all matters covered by the agenda. The statement had been widely approved, and the British delegation proceeded to draft various resolutions on it. The PRIME MINISTER believed that high speed was essential and the general discussion was completed in three days. No sooner had the Commissions and Sub-Commissions got down to work, however, than the question of stabilisation began to loom up and overshadow all others. The United States had proposed a tariff truce for the period of the Conference; the gold countries now proposed temporary currency stabilisation, without which even a temporary tariff truce was, in their view, out of the question. Fifty-nine out of the sixty-six assembled countries agreed to the temporary tariff truce, but the American Government declared temporary currency stabilisation to be untimely, and the American delegates to the Conference declared themselves to have no instructions on the matter. An innocuous declaration was drawn up which did little but pledge the signatories to discourage currency speculations, but the President of the United States rejected that too.

So that, the House gathered, was that. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN went on to explain that the Bureau had decided to keep the Conference going for whatever useful ends it might still achieve, but did not ask the House to expect much from it. As for the British policy, it remained unchanged. The primary object was the raising of wholesale commodity prices. They did not believe that that could be achieved by monetary action alone or without preliminary monetary action of some kind. America's going off the Gold Standard was artificial, and he would not be surprised to see the speculation-induced slump of the dollar



take a turn in the other direction in the autumn.

Therefore let us keep our heads, remain constant to our own policies and purposes, and things might turn out quite contrary to our expectations. Let us in particular nurse the belief that somehow good might after all come of the Economic Conference and be ready at the first likely moment to participate in another.

A somewhat vague and platitudinous ending to an otherwise full and convincing narrative. Mr. LANSBURY, who saw in the abortive Conference the fundamental futility of the Capitalist system, naturally thought it ought to put up the shutters. Mr. CHURCHILL welcomed the United States to the sterling convoy and rejoiced at the discomfiture of the gold bloc, who had had their cake of inflation and did not want us to eat ours. It remained to be seen, however, whether America, having escaped the gold hoarder, might not fall a prey to the paper speculator. In any event Britain's position as the world's financial centre was now secure. Mr. CHURCHILL saw in the coming of new price-levels an escape from the crushing burden of taxation, but did not explain how, while prices went up, taxes were to be kept down.

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL managed to combine avowed detestation of economic nationalism with the expressed hope that the American experiment would succeed; and Mr. AMERY twitted the Government for trying to run with the MONTAGU NORMAN hare and hunt with the ROOSEVELT hounds. Sir R. HORNE's text to the Government was, "Coraggio, bully monsters!" which Sir E. GRIGG, an eloquent new-comer, supplemented by urging expenditure on the Navy and on milk for children in the schools. Colonel WEDGWOOD joined with Sir ROBERT HORNE in an earnest appeal to John and Jonathan to be two minds with but a single thought when the time came for thinking to make it so.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in reply, vigorously defended the Exchange Equalisation Account and commended the House for its moderation in criticism.

The debate showed, as has already been said, several important lacunæ. Nobody, for example, attempted to explain what a "commodity dollar" is.

Tuesday, July 11th.—Market-day alike in Lords (Agricultural Marketing Bill) and Commons (Department of

Agriculture Vote). The Lords were concerned with technical Amendments chiefly, but in the Commons the atmosphere, as Major ELLIOT cried the prices of fat stock and estimated harvest yields, became intensely agricultural. Not that he was too optimistic. He admitted that the smiling British countryside hides many a breaking bank-account, but insisted that marketing schemes and import regulations, assisted by a few judicious tariffs, would pump the necessary oxygen into the dying agricultural pig.

Some thirty or forty bored Members attended the debate, and at one time the MINISTER had to hurry in to make the fortieth man of a quorum. It is curious that the farmer, for all his

be known to posterity as Warr on the Musk-Rat, said that the Department did not consider the infestation serious enough to warrant a special organisation being set up (as recommended) to cope with it. Assiduous trapping had greatly reduced the menace, which was not spreading to new areas.

Their Lordships passed, on motion of the PRIMATE, to the higher topic of training colleges for teachers, and thence to the Slaughter of Animals Bill, which does not apply to musk-rats, they being not animals but varmints.

Whether because he dislikes Judges or Sir WILLIAM DAVISON, Mr. BALDWIN seemed a trifle peevish when informing the latter that the Government would not consider restoring the cuts in the

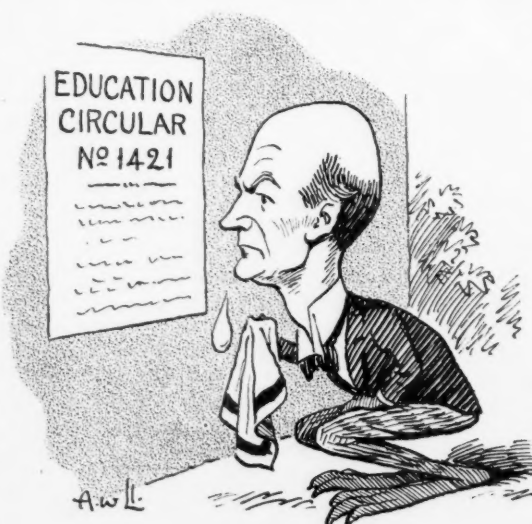
former's salaries. "I do not see why a Judge should be excused his cut any more than I am," he snapped, quite ignoring the fact that what the Judges complain of is not having to forgo the money but being classed with common or garden civil servants and political office-holders like Mr. BALDWIN himself.

The UNDER-SECRETARY FOR AIR agreed with Mr. LOVAT-FRASER that (in the words of *Caliban*) this isle is full of noises, but did not think that the Committee proposed by the hon. Member to investigate aerial (not *Ariel*) noises would enhance the efforts already being made to find an effective aircraft-engine silencer.

The House, on the usual Vote, discussed Education and Juvenile Unemployment, breaking off in the middle to give a Second Reading to the Adelphi Estate Bill in the teeth

of fierce opposition, led by Sir WILLIAM DAVISON and Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND. It is said that the ADAM brothers would not now recognise the Terrace if they saw it. They would certainly admit, if they had listened to to-night's debate, that their handiwork has proved more Adelphic than philadelphic.

We learn with great regret of the death, on July 12th, of Mr. E. T. Reed, who was so long associated as a draughtsman with *Punch*, and will be especially remembered for his original and amusing caricatures on our Parliamentary pages.



CROAKER-IN-CHIEF.

MR. MORGAN JONES as depicted by Mr. RAMSBOTHAM.

importance, has no real political representation. It is largely his own fault. He distrusts organisation. The "Rose and Crown" on market-day is his Parliament—and much good it does him.

Wednesday, July 12th.—Once more their Lordships bent their broad brows upon the puny but proliferous muskrat. Lord ILCHESTER moved for Papers, but made it clear that what is wanted is not papers but pipers—of the *Hamelin* variety. One such, in the person of Mr. HINTON, Deputy-Keeper of Zoology of the Natural History Museum, had been lent to the Department of Agriculture and had made a report which he, Lord ILCHESTER, hoped would be acted upon. A German expert, Dr. PUSTET, had also supplied a report.

Lord DE LA WARR, who will never

## Sea-Wrack.

James Pettigrew and I have never met, but we have had many a fragrant minute over the phone, and his Monday letter never fails to relieve the monotony of the breakfast-table for better or for worse. His phone-side manner is irreproachable, from the first slightly nasal "Hell-o" to the words which clinch our various honourable agreements. Mr. Pettigrew is my commission-agent, and he brings to his work a rare sympathy and understanding which convince me that commission-agents are a wrongly-maligned race, and adds to my regret that the machine has so far invaded the province of man as to make it possible for the soulless Tote to rear its ugly head on the greensward of England.

My racing is spasmodic, and inspired rather than informed; but Mr. Pettigrew understands. He never, I feel sure, hangs up his receiver and says, "That mutt has just put another five bob down the drain." He recognises the amateur and respects me as a trier. He accepts my cheques without question when my inspirations go wrong, and is promptness itself with my scanty winnings, settling in full in postage-stamps, minor postal-orders, and ever and anon a wizened note of low calibre. After the last National, for instance, there were two notes even—a bad day for the House of Pettigrew. It will be remembered that there were two Jacks in the race. That was sufficient guidance for me, and Kellsboro' Jack justified my faith.

It was on something of the same principle that I rang up Mr. Pettigrew some days afterwards and empowered him, on the first day of a certain meeting, to invest two shillings each way on all the horses with "Sea" in their names. I had noticed Sea Wall, Sea King and Son o' the Sea, but, fearing to rely on the scanty list in my paper and having insufficient time for such a serious study of form, I gave him the commission in the form I have stated. Sea Wall did not run; Sea King was placed at sixes; and Son o' the Sea was first at 100-8.

Judge then of my horror when Monday's letter not only contained no remuneration but ran to two pages, the first of which led off something like this, with four shillings in the debit column every time:—

Apricot.	O.T.C.
Casanova	Blackamoor
Carrots	Violet Cat.

There were nearly thirty such horses, none of them having marine connec-



*Ardent Lady Adorer.* "NOW DO TELL ME—WHEN YOU'RE WRITING YOUR BOOKS DO YOU KNOW YOU'RE BEING CLEVER, OR CAN'T YOU HELP IT?"

tions of any sort. One or two of them had achieved minor success, but the gist of the whole thing was that I owed James £4 8s. 6d.

I rang through to his office for an explanation, and found him quite interested but equally adamant: "Ev'ry 'orse with the letter 'C' in 'is name was what you said, Sir."

I tried to explain, but to add to the confusion the line went muzzy at that moment and I only succeeded in giving him the impression that I was making another fantastic bet in order to recoup my losses; so I weakly said, "Oh, I see," and was about to ring off in

despair. Then the line cleared and I heard him carefully repeating, "Four pounds, eight shillings and sixpence on ev'ry 'orse with 'O-I-C' in 'is name. Thank you, Sir."

"No," I shrieked, "I'm not doing anything to-day. Cross it all out."

"Very good, Sir. The commission is cancelled. Good-day."

A horse called Heroic won that afternoon at 33-1.

## A Stodgy Innings.

"Bowley reached his century just after lunch, having batter for just over 2 hours." *Evening Paper.*

### The Nafadam Mail.

HERE in Nafadam the different branches of the Service hit it off pretty well. Each is able to think itself indispensable, which is the great thing.

Our half-company can always ask, "Where would you be without the troops?" The Political Service, as represented by Whittaker, "peacefully penetrates" the bush villages, alone and aloof. And Rhodes and Bridger, of the Public Works Department, have certainly changed the face of the place. The smart way in which the pair of them converted their concrete dam down in the valley is unsurpassed in the annals of the P.W.D. When the first rains washed out the sandy foundations of it, leaving a hollow gap underneath, they put iron hand-rails along the top and said it was a bridge.

We give each other full credit and rub along well as a rule. But last night matters were rather strained. We blame the Political. After all, it was *our* messenger.

Sulimani was bringing the mail-bag in. He does his hundred-and-fifty miles in running-kit and about three days, and was due last night. As a rule he gets in about sunset with the two weeks' mail, and we meet him at the club in anticipation.

About five o'clock Whittaker turned up from his out-station and joined us. He left a couple of native police outside.

"Cheerio, old man!" said Tantrum. "In a hurry for your letters? We should have sent 'em along one-time."

"Oh, no—no particular hurry," answered Whittaker. "But I've come in to meet old Tezik, the chief of Wurnu. He's just finished his time, poor old soul, and wants making a fuss of. I had to put him inside for six months for tax-evasion, and it's really the fault of his village."

"Yes?" said someone. We were not interested. The mail was due in at any moment.

Then Rogers asked, "How's he coming out?"

"Oh," Whittaker answered coolly, "your mail-messenger is bringing him out. I told Phillips last week at Headquarters to hand him over to the next man you sent in."

"You did what?" asked the indig-

nant Tantrum. "You arranged for one of our men to escort your old gaol-birds all over the country?"

Even then the seriousness of the matter did not strike us until Rogers spoke.

"How old is this Tezik friend of yours, Whittaker?"

"Oh, about seventy, I should say," he replied. "A charming old bird really—most interesting."

We began to see what Rogers was driving at. Delay in the mail is no

cigarettes from home, and had been without any for three days.

By now Whittaker was realising that he was unpopular.

The light was failing. Deep gloom settled on us. Rogers was anxiously looking out over the plain, steadying his field-glasses against a verandah-post.

"Sister Anne," asked Meagrim, "can you see anyone?"

Rogers began to eaper.

"It's Sulimani!" he announced. "I can tell him a mile away. Good man, he's done it!"

Very soon the panting Sulimani had arrived amid cheers and handed over the mail-bag and the mail was being sorted.

Nobody bothered about old Tezik. He was forgotten, except by Whittaker, who felt uneasy about butting in.

When we were departing with our letters he said, "What's he done with my old man?"

Tantrum said, "You speak the language, don't you? Ask him."

Whittaker asked Sulimani. "There was an old man given in your charge. Where is he?"

Sulimani saluted. "He is up a tree, Bature. He was very old, and after a time could not run with me. What could I do? The mails are not allowed to be late. For safety I took his clothes away. Here they are," and he unrolled a rather grubby bundle. "He will not, for shame's sake, leave the tree until they are returned to him, which I promised. No, he is not cold. He has my blanket, which I left with him. He is in the big tree on the far bank of the Daribbi where the path crosses—"

Whittaker's police left in the moonlight carrying the old man's bundle. He should be escorted in some time to-morrow.

We think Sulimani a born diplomat. He has preserved the good relations between the Services. T. R. H.

### Atmospherics in Lancashire.

"When the storm broke over Blackpool a flash of lightning was seen to encircle the crow's nest of the famous tower. It travelled down the pillars and ended in the life well at the bottom. A life shoop under the shock."

*Belfast Paper.*

"Bobbing, fainting, his lips in a thin snarl, eyes flashing between narrowed lips, the Boston sailor ripped into battle in flashes."

*Canadian Paper.*

So the old law of an eye for a tooth still holds good in modern pugilism.



"HULLO, BROWN! HOW GOES IT?"

"OH, NOT TOO GOOD. BUSINESS IS FRANKLY AWFUL. THE WIFE'S NOT VERY FIT AND WE'RE HAVING A LOT OF TROUBLE WITH OUR ELDEST SON."

"AH, WELL, WE ALL GET OUR SHARE. NOBODY KNOWS THE TIME I'M HAVING WITH SNAILS."





"DARLING, I QUITE FORGOT TO TELL PERKINS THE DILLWATERS WERE COMING TO LUNCH. RUN ALONG AND 'PHONE, THERE'S A DEAR."

### A Song of the Turtle.

Ivor Cadwaladyr Calipash Jones  
Was born with the call of the wild in his bones;  
He spent a stormy youth in Japan,  
Where he learned to handle a catamaran.

After unnumbered scraps and shindies  
He left the East for the Western Indies,  
And there, in the isles where hurricanes hurtle,  
Contracted a lifelong taste for turtle.

Next we find him a hunter and trapper  
Of the famous Mississippi snapper,  
Or raiding the island that baffles metre\*  
For monsters larger and possibly sweeter.

Inheriting ample gold and "siller"  
From his uncle, a prosperous gin-distiller,  
He invented a turtle-soup machine  
And started a farm at Golder's Green.

He excavated a spacious pool  
And opened a turtle-riding school;  
He studied their wants with scrupulous care  
And fed them with rich and bountiful fare.

City magnates and organisers  
Of banquets and Guildhall gormandisers,  
Found in the bills-of-fare for their dinners  
Jones's turtles were certain winners.

\* Galapagos.

So all went well till the fatal night  
When his largest turtle took to flight,  
Crept from his tank under cover of dark  
And appeared in the Lido with the lark.

Terrible scenes were enacted then;  
Strong women fainted and wept like men;  
And the climax came when the terrapin  
Nipped Mr. LANSBURY'S sacred shin!

The Guards turned out, Big Ben was tolled,  
And special constables were enrolled;  
While Parliament passed a Bill to exclude  
From our ports all manner of turtle-food.

This broke the heart of Calipash Jones,  
Who filled his pockets with bricks and stones  
And drowned himself at Golder's Green  
In his largest turtle-soup tureen.

C. L. G.

"Butcher wanted, temporarily; able to kill and drive motor."  
*Advt. in Local Paper.*

"Able to drive motor" would have sufficed.

"I am confident that somewhere in the depths of these beggars' souls is a bit of grit and determination which, once fastened on to, helps them to throw off their yolk of despair and try to get back to their true vocation, whatever that may be."—*Weekly Paper.*

They seem fairly well equipped for successful egg-production.

## Eastward Ho!

BRING us a car. The time has come  
To take again an eastern road,  
Scorning the monetary sum,  
Letting the cost be blowed.  
We bid the neighbours take  
our peas,  
We stop the milkman's  
morning hail,  
For we will look on eastern  
seas  
And breathe an eastern  
gale.

Bring us a car. Though  
we were fain  
For old association's  
sake  
To travel on the hurrying  
train  
There now is none to  
take.  
There is no train runs any  
more  
(The local line is bust  
and gone)  
Where we would linger on  
the shore  
Watching the water wan.

Bring us a car. What road we go  
When it is brought I do not care  
(And I shall tell the driver so),  
For all roads will be fair.  
Saxmundham, Framlingham or  
Eye  
Shall see us happy; no com-  
plaints  
Shall trouble, as we hasten by,  
South Elmham's many saints.

Bring us a car. Though the ex-  
change  
Go up or go, *per contra*,  
down,  
Sea-turned to something rich  
and strange  
We shall be golden-brown;  
And every Conference may  
end  
And how it ends shall be as  
naught  
While we have idleness to  
spend  
And crabetts to be caught.

Bring us a car. The bags are  
packed,  
The doors are locked, the win-  
dows fast,  
The children lunatic; in fact  
'Tis time to go at last.  
There has been stress, there has been  
strain,  
There shall be quietness instead.  
Don't let me have to speak again;  
Bring me a car, I said. VERGES.

## At the Play.

"OTHER PEOPLE'S LIVES"  
(WYNDHAM'S).

THERE is a refreshing tonic bitter-  
ness about Mr. A. A. MILNE's new play,



## A STRAY AMONG THE INTELLIGENTSIA.

Lola . . . . . MISS LEONORA CORBETT.  
Mr. Tilling . . . . . MR. LAWRENCE HANRAY.  
Stephen Bellamy . . . . . MR. HAROLD WARRENDER.

as if the author had discovered the  
world to be not so pleasant a place as  
it seemed when we were very young.

Two Brave New Fribbles, *Lola* and  
*Arnold Waite* (Miss LEONORA CORBETT  
and Mr. MAURICE EVANS), despising



## CLERICAL JOICUNDITY.

Very Rev. Dr. James Hilary . . . MR. CHARLES CARSON.  
Mrs. Tilling . . . . . MISS MABEL RUSSELL.

Bloomsbury as Bloomsbury looks down  
its nose at Chelsea, have made their  
bright nest in a squalid street off the  
Tottenham Court Road. Below them  
lives the little book-canvasser, *Tilling*  
(Mr. LAWRENCE HANRAY), with an

adored invalid wife (Miss MABEL RUSSELL) and a hearty daughter (Miss ELLIS POWELL)—a united family entirely happy and contented in their drab and stuffy den.

The *Waites* are noisily entertaining two of their kind, the *Bellamys*, *Stephen* and *Meg* (Mr. HAROLD WARRENDER and Miss PAULINE VILDA). The author reproduces or enlarges with happy invention the standardised jargon, the frothy epigram, the naughtiness and weary cynicism of the current bright mode, and manages this scene with a nice discretion, avoiding the temptation, to which one who writes clever lines so easily is subject, of letting his cleverness run away with him. The young people are not unamusing, they do say their good things, but they are essentially intolerable, as the design dictates. And the characters are skilfully differentiated. There

is an ugly quality in *Arnold's* heartlessness; *Stephen's* nonsense is reasonably light and harmless; *Meg* is a mere featherhead; *Lola* alone seems to have an inkling that all is not well with them, however bright the babble. Yet there is ground for her husband's sneers at her sentimentality. She has feeling rather than character, but it is decent feeling.

The accident of little *Tilling's* diffident entry to inquire, certainly not to complain, about the noise, his flattered acceptance of their almost contemptuous hospitality and his ingenuous chatter about his family lead to the light-hearted formation of the Tilling Amelioration Society: for the production of Better and Brighter Tillings. From which interference by essentially heartless triflers with lives of which the colour is indeed duller but the texture so much finer than their own springs tragedy. It is perhaps a weakness in the dramatic plan that the tragedy results not inevitably but by accident from the situation; for it was nothing to the discredit of the T.A.S. to get Half-Brother *John*, the surgeon (Mr. LOUIS GOODRICH), to operate upon Mrs. *Tilling*; nor was it too likely that Half-Brother *James*, the dean—"tremendously ha! ha!"—(Mr. CHARLES CARSON) should have made the emigration of *Clare Tilling* to Canada a condition

of the surgeon's services. I rather suspect, however, from these two malicious portraits and the barbed taunts which he gives to each to use against the other that our author had some accumulated spleenfulness to discharge against two learned professions, and that to him the inevitableness of disaster from their ministrations is clearer than to one able to take a more detached view.

It was not a major operation, but it killed *Mrs. Tilling*—on the day after *Clare* had sailed for Canada—and *Lola* alone of the quartet understands the agony of the broken husband. The others, after a momentary impulse towards decent feeling, quickly stifled, relapse into bright detached chatter as the curtain falls.

Yes, perhaps a little too angry and one-sided—the Sparks a little too sinister; the *Tillings* a little too angelic—and yet one would have been sorry to have missed that most moving parting, played with such sensitiveness and conviction by Mr. HANRAY, Miss RUSSELL and Miss POWELL. The easier parts, the young four and the elderly two, were admirably performed, and the incidental portrait of *The Girl*, a mental defective with adenoids and a devastating hiccup, by Miss KATHLEEN HARRISON (a specialist in these drab studies), was horrifyingly plausible. I distinctly like Mr. MILNE angry, as I have always liked him gay and flippant. I hope he'll at once get angry about something else. T.

### At the Revue.

"THE MEXICAN REVUE"  
(STRAND).

How much does verbal wit matter in revue? Very little, I begin to think, for I have seen a good many revues in my own language which have seemed very dull; but here is one in which I only connected with the words "*amor*," "*vino*" and "*diablo*" and which I yet enjoyed. It may be just the melody of a Latin tongue. I don't know.

Mexicans do not merely *speaking* Spanish. The men breathe it at you so that it floats over the footlights like so many soap-bubbles, and the women snap it across a trifle nasally with a good deal of backspin on the final syllables. The effect is devastating. I could listen to it for ever.

If I may coin a bibulous simile, this entertainment reminds one of a trayful of little glasses containing contrasted samples of the same parent *vin du pays*—on the dry side, of a beautiful

colour and showing plenty of body. Its character owes as much to the Aztec sun as to that of Castile. Clearly the Latin languor has been stimulated by an infusion of primitive vigour.

Except for the work of the principals the production lacks polish, but I doubt if this can be counted a fault. One does not ask for polish from, say, the local Tyrolese performers in the Innsbruck theatre, and most of the turns in this show fall into the same category. They are essentially national and rural, and their charm is something too intrinsic to have much to do with technical slickness.

The evening was dominated by the personality of Señorita LUPE RIVAS

and voices of Señor VICENTE MARINO and Señor ALBERTO CONTRERAS, two very attractive gallants, who also treated us on their own to a series of serenades.

The best of the dancing was by Señorita LUISA RIVAS CACHO, Señorita MARGOT SUHAS and Señor ALFONSO LERENA, most of it in boisterous country measures with plenty of tapping and shouting; but these players have a real Spanish grace and dexterity.

The sets improved progressively, some of the later ones, symbolic of Mexican antecedents, being good. In a few of the scenes I am afraid the Chorus has been specially undressed with an eye to the London tradition, which seems the greatest pity, not merely because they do not come of a banting stock but because they look so delightful in their national dresses, which are thick with fascinating embroideries of bull-fights and other aspects of Mexican life. I wish they would dress up all the time.

It was not at all a good idea to make a compère of Mr. GILLIE POTTER. It is one thing to convulse the ether with the chronicles of Hogsnoorton and quite another to apply Hogsnoorton methods to the introduction of a piece which relies mainly on the beauty of its presentation. Even Cascara Sagradian gags and a blazer with the old Narkover crest are not quite old enough to seem in keeping with such an ancient background. ERIC.

"Yet this is not so extremely exaggerated a caricature of the repetitive quality of common current speech. Out of the hundreds of thousands of golden words our mother-tongue boasts, the average adult uses but a paltry hackneyed thousand. Why?"

Daily Paper.

Probably because he prefers to confine himself to those he can spell.



Don Gillie Pottero (waiting in the wings). "CARAMBA! BUT THE SEÑORITA LUPE RIVAS CACHO IS ONE UP ON ME IN HAT-BRIMS!"

CACHO, introduced to us, not altogether inaccurately, as being somewhere between our MARIE LLOYD and our GRACIE FIELDS. She possesses the same magic power of magnetising her audience from the moment she appears, and of knowing exactly when to switch abruptly from one mood to another. Her voice is very pleasant, not large but well-balanced. She is plump and dark and extraordinarily animated.

Perhaps her best scene was as the wife who, at a time when Mexico was swept by a passion for verse, decided, to the great embarrassment of her husband, to speak only in rhyme, which she poured out at a terrific speed—a delightful charade. Her longest turn, considerably too long, showed a Mexican country police-station, to which she and her tramp husband, dishevelled and appallingly drunk, were taken. The



## The Man Who Was Right.

THE ropes were beautifully coiled, the deck had been mopped till it shone in the morning sunlight, and the little yacht looked distinctly spick and quite definitely span. We of the *Cynthia* don't pretend to be master-mariners but we can coil a rope and mop a deck with the best.

"There's just time to get the sails up before they arrive," said Eric, "then we can get under way as soon as they're aboard."

"You don't think they'd like to watch us put them up, do you?" suggested Oscar. "After all, it's our duty as hosts to entertain them."

"Would it be wise to start the entertainment with anything too funny?" said Anne, who'd seen us perform this manoeuvre before.

"My idea was that they might be able to help us to cram on all sail," said Oscar. "Have any of them been on the Broads before?"

"They might know too much," murmured Eric. "Let's do the sail-cramming ourselves. I'm sure we look our sprucest with them up."

We hauled on this halyard and heaved on that hawser until the sails occupied their appointed positions and flapped about playfully in the breeze.

"There," said Eric, lighting his pipe, "they make everything look grand."

"They certainly make the ship shape," said Oscar.

\* \* \* \* \*

When our guests leapt on board with glad cries of "Ooh! what a lovely yacht!" we felt that on the whole our efforts had not been in vain. The happy impression that they liked our boat lasted until one of them—a dark fat man in a red shirt called Pocklington (the wearer, not the shirt)—said casually, "I see you've taken a turn in your throat halyard."

We glanced at each other. Was it a tribute or a reproach? Where was our throat, anyway?

Oscar strove to pass the whole thing off with a carefree laugh and a gay jest. "We've taken a turn for the better," he said.

But Pocklington continued to cast a melancholy eye over our ropes and spars.

"Isn't the shackling of the luff to the clew rather peculiar?" he remarked.

Eric looked critically at the tiller, at the mast and finally at the sky. Then he said, "As a matter of fact it is peculiar—it's peculiar to this type of boat."

"It's peculiar to me," said Pocklington, and left it at that.

But his eye still roved, and we of the *Cynthia* looked at each other with some uneasiness.

As we got under way he contented himself with murmuring, "Why didn't you make a board to windward?" and turned his attention to the ladies of the party. "Don't you like my red shirt?" he said. "I bought it in Paris."

Anne made a rude reply, so rude that it struck me that Pocklington must already have made quite an impression. "I think it looks cheap and nasty," she said.

Pocklington had his answer ready. "I think yours looks nasty without being cheap. That's what's called a 'come-back,'" he explained; "very difficult."

"Very adroit," said Anne approvingly.

"We sea-going men have to be pretty wide-awake," said Pocklington by way of explanation. "Yes, I do a good deal of yachting. I was sailing a racing-cutter at Falmouth last week, and I'm not what you'd call a stranger to Cowes."

"It must be lovely sailing a real racing-craft on the sea," said Anne wistfully.

"This is like a bus-ride in comparison," said Pocklington, and he laughed a hearty sea-going laugh.

Eric was at the tiller and was navigating the craft with considerable skill through the narrow entrance into Wroxham Broad. As soon as we were on a nice open expanse of water Pocklington said, "Don't you think I'd better take over now?"

To this day it has never been made clear who invited the man, but there are rules of hospitality even on a hired yacht, and Eric gracefully resigned his post at the helm.

We ran merrily down the Broad before a stiffening breeze, and the water swished cheerfully against the side of the boat. The girls had already put on bathing-costumes and were sunbathing in various positions on the deck.

"We're going well now," said Pocklington. He didn't actually say, "We're going well now I'm at the helm," but we were not in any kind of doubt as to what he meant.

The breeze was getting stronger and there was no doubt about the fact that we were moving rapidly—indeed there was definitely a danger that the innocent feminine portion of our crew might fall into a sad error. They might think that what was the result of a simple natural phenomenon was due to Pocklington's skilful handling of the ship. I noticed what looked suspiciously like a look of deep admiration on Anne's face, but just at that moment I didn't quite see what could be done about it.

It seemed hardly likely that we could catch the man out over anything to do with sailing. It was fairly obvious he knew about twenty times as much as any of us. Suddenly, however, something which seemed very closely to resemble an opening presented itself.

Not far away from us two sailing-boats narrowly escaped a collision.

"Some people are nit-wits," said Eric. "The brown one ought to have got out of the way."

"What!" cried Pocklington, turning on him angrily. "The brown one! Surely you know the first rule of sailing: A vessel close-hauled on the port tack keeps out of the way of a vessel close-hauled on the starboard tack?"

"Do you think you're right there?" said Eric quietly. "Surely it's the one on the starboard tack who has to give way?"

For a second Pocklington's face betrayed a little confusion and uncertainty; then it cleared and he said heavily, "My dear man, it's hardly likely that I could have done as much sailing as I have and got that wrong."

"It seems absurd, I agree," said Eric, "but as a matter of fact I've taken a certain amount of trouble to learn the sailing rules, and I happen to know you are wrong."

Pocklington turned the colour of his shirt. "There's a book there," he said very slowly and carefully. "Would you mind passing it to me?"

Eric didn't hear him, and Pocklington, in his efforts to reach it, did something peculiar with the tiller and caused the ship to gybe unexpectedly.

It was a very bad gybe. There was a crash of breaking bottles inside the cabin and the muddy waters of Wroxham Broad rose up and curled over the side of the boat. Instead of letting go, Pocklington hauled on the main-sheet and the graceful *Cynthia*, heeling further over, passed the safety-point. There was a gurgling noise as she filled with water and gently settled down on her side with the sails spread out flat on the surface of the water. Two of the girls fell in but clambered back again, and the rest of the party climbed on to the half-upturned hull of the boat. A mattress, two loaves of bread and someone's camera floated slowly out of the cabin.

Everyone glared at Pocklington.

He was sitting with his feet in the water turning over the pages of a book.

"Here's the place," he said. "I was quite right: 'A vessel close-hauled on the port tack shall keep out of the way of a vessel close-hauled on the starboard tack.'"

"Good!" said Eric; "so everything's all right."



"LOOK AT THOSE COWS, MISS JONES! AREN'T THEY LAMBS?"  
 "YES, PERFECT DUCKS."

### Bow-Bells

*(Which have commenced to ring again after a silence of nearly six years).*

#### BOW BELLS!

They are ringing and swinging and ringing again,  
 High up in the steeple,  
 "Be joyous, good people;"  
 They pour forth their gladsome and welcome refrain  
 To hearten the City  
 When prospects seem gritty;  
 And jangle and dangle and toss to and fro  
 With carefree abandon, the gay Bells of Bow.

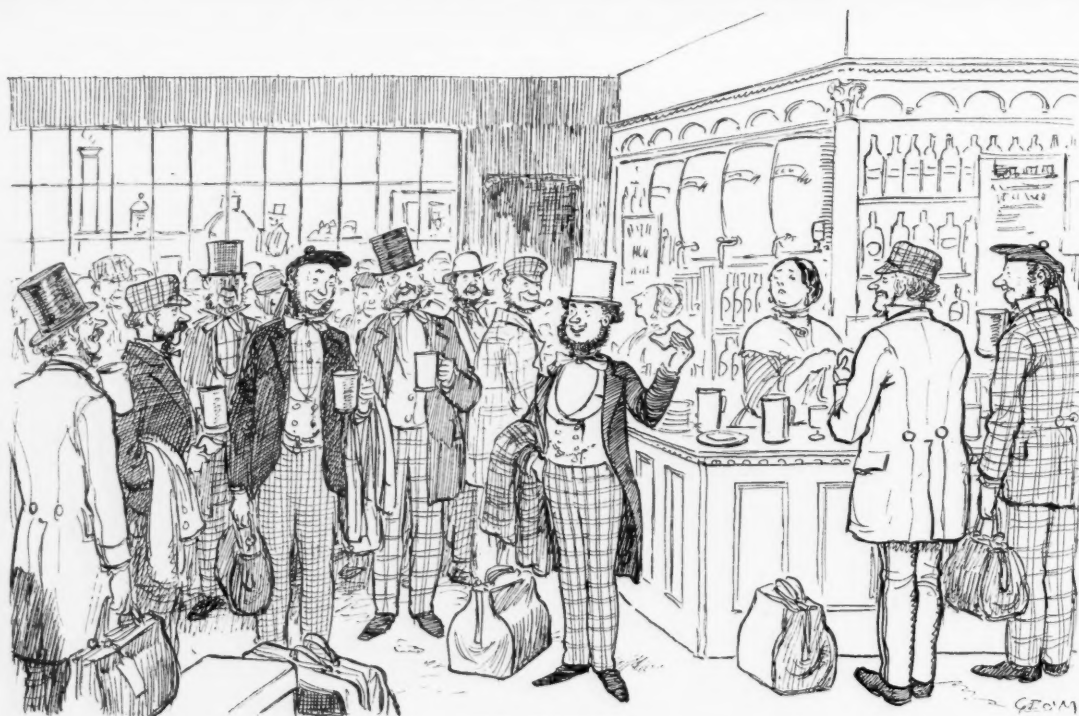
#### BOW BELLS!

You may hear their dong-dingle in sunshine and  
 rain;  
 Come fair or foul weather  
 They chime all together,

"In silence for six weary years we have lain;  
 But hark! we are ready,  
 Stout-hearted and steady—  
 Are ready to labour like niggers, Ho! ho!  
 For we've got back our job," laugh the smart Bells of Bow.

#### BOW BELLS!

Their melodious tidings, ah! who will disdain?  
 Our lunch-hour beguiling,  
 They send us off smiling  
 To shop, mart and office refreshed by their strain.  
*Ding-dongle, dong-dingle!*  
 A health to their jingle.  
 Oh, long may they flourish and never lie low,  
 But ring on till Doomsday, the brave Bells of Bow! A. K.



OUR PIONEERS.

THE MAN WHO MADE THE FIRST RAILWAY-SANDWICH JOKE.

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### A Pall of Laurel-Leaves.

I HAVE always felt with GEORGE WYNDHAM that *Ellen Terry's Memoirs* (GOLLANCZ, 6/-) are likely to maintain their place with "the very few autobiographies that will always be read." So it is a notable delight to encounter the graceful, gallant and ingenuous volume of 1908, completed by the writer's daughter and her own chosen literary helpmate, with notes that elucidate it and five biographical chapters which complete it. A devotion that served their queen not only in the heyday of her fame but in the twilight that followed has endowed Miss EDITH CRAIG and "CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN" with unequalled authority for their task; and all "the wrong little things which must be made right little things" have secured what the author's own marginal note to the original book desired. The ELLEN TERRY of a hundred unchronicled generousities emerges triumphant from the amplified story. Of IRVING under his pall of laurels in Westminster Abbey, his colleague mused, "How Henry would have loved it!"; and I am pretty sure the fragrant leaves which here are added to her own would have given her kindred pleasure.

#### The Tractarians Portrayed.

Although it comes timely to the centenary celebration of the Oxford Movement, *Oxford Apostles* (FABER AND FABER, 15/-) is not in intention an occasional piece. It is the matured expression, which would have been welcome at any moment, of an interest which is in its author's blood. Mr. GEOFFREY FABER's grandfather was NEWMAN'S

friend; his great-uncle, a hymn-writer of renown, followed NEWMAN to Rome; and Mr. FABER, with, it seems, no strong theological bias of his own, though he can lucidly expound a theological argument, has felt the fascination of that subtle, complex and tortured man. He views him in the light, which he focuses with discretion, of the newer psychology, and if some of his findings are likely to be challenged they at any rate display an admirable blend of sympathy, penetration and detachment. So do his dealings with the other protagonists—KEBLE, PUSEY, HURRELL FROUDE and the rest; while it is pleasant to find the much-derided HAMPDEN accorded his due. Had a later controversy come within his scope, no doubt Mr. FABER would have found as understanding a word for KINGSLEY. For he is fair-minded in reality and not in mere smiling appearance; his wit is disciplined by sincerity, and therefore his "character study" is as valuable as it is absorbing.

#### Hubbub in Paris.

Publishers' "blurbs" go on from strength to strength, and when the time comes, as it soon will, for a critical survey of their growth, I hope that such an interesting example of sales-provocation as the jacket of *L'Affaire Jones* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) will not be missed. It imparts the domestic information that here is a novel by HILLEL BERNSTEIN "As funny as Zuleika Dobson," says one of our directors—"I violently disagree," says another." What form his violence took we are not told, but beyond doubt he was right; and, having made that clear, I feel I owe it to the book to say that it is light and amusing and in places a clever satire. Most of its fun is got at the expense of our Gallic neighbours and their ability to sublimate small dull facts into large exciting generalisations. Written in the first person, it

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describes the fantastic adventures of a harmless American gastronome who by accident took another man's coat from a Paris restaurant and instantly became a figure of international importance. Although he clearly likes the French too well to be unkind to them, Mr. BERNSTEIN has a sure grip on the humours of Latin officialdom. As an easily-read holiday book this is to be recommended.

#### Day's Marches in Devon.

Again the MESSRS. MACLEHOSE

Have on the market put  
Another little guide for those  
Who like to go a-foot.

*On Foot in Devon* has been done  
By Mr. HENRY WILLIAMSON.

To North we go, to South likewise

On lovely coastal routes,

And Mr. HENRY is our eyes

And we are in his boots,

And, if the leather sometimes rubs,

At least they call at lots of pubs;

Wild Nature also we may know—

Her simpler odds and ends;

And, if we're lucky, as we go

The literary friends

Of Mr. WILLIAMSON will be  
Outside their doors for us to see;

So, should you be about to hike

Along the Devon coasts,

Here's just the little book you'll like,

A book, you'll find, that boasts

Fine photographs of timeless lands

All running out in yellow sands.

#### The Essayist's Opportunity.

"If the world were not insane," Mr. ROBERT LYND announces in his latest collection of essays, "there would be little for anybody but the poets to write about"; and I feel myself that the essayist in "Y.Y." enjoys himself most in a foray on social abuses, while the poet—a rarer and shyer manifestation—makes play with the little sanity and beauty that are left us. However, as long as both collaborate, as they do in *The Cockleshell* (METHUEN, 5/-),

the lure of these gallant, whimsical and (thank Heaven!) challenging disquisitions will remain—to deplore their writer's position as a mere man in a specialist-ridden world, to bewail a culinary England for which Mrs. BEETON lived and wrote in vain, and to rally the motorist on making inadequate use of his unrivalled lethal opportunities. Now and again the essay verges on the short story in its compact presentment of a single amusing episode; and I feel that further development of the technique of, say, "The Bore," has obviously attractive possibilities. But as long as "Y.Y.," the essayist, can produce anything so delightful as the opening of "1932: Fifty Years Ago," why should he swerve from his course?

#### The White House.

Sighing for the lost civilisation of the Southern States that disappeared in the Civil War and dreaming that per-



Collier Deck-Hand. "OI, WHAT'S ALL THE RUDDY FUSS ABOUT? I'VE GOT A FENDER AHT, AIN'T I?"

chance some new form of honest government may emerge before it is too late to avert communism or dictatorship. Mr. HERBERT AGAR traces the undelectable history of American politics as a losing fight against the growing squalor and perpetual encroachment of Big Business. In *The American Presidents* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 10/6) he has fitted very neatly indeed a series of quick biographies and caustic commentaries. Here is BUCHANAN, spending his last years in composing a book to explain why at the crisis of his career he did nothing; LINCOLN, having saved the Union, dying without explaining why; THEODORE ROOSEVELT, precocious child to the end of his days, not knowing when he is talking nonsense; WILSON, starting from the assumption that his opponents must be morally deformed. But all this is merely thrown in as entertainment for the reader. The writer's deadly serious purpose is to analyse and protest against a tendency he deplores. Comparing

his troubles with analogous problems in this country, I cannot but think his despair of democracy premature; yet if his despondency be exaggerated it is undoubtedly impressive.

#### An Actress Off-Stage.

Lady KEEBLE, having already sketched for a popular audience Miss LILLIAN MCCARTHY'S stage record, now, in *Myself and My Friends* (BUTTERWORTH, 18/-), tells us of the ideas which have informed the study and exercise of her art, of her less specialised talents and tastes, and of the distinguished friendships which she has made in the course of a brilliant and too early interrupted career. She writes easily and well, often wittily, with modesty (yet not false modesty) and candour, and, when she is so minded, with an all-veiling discretion. She avoids theatrical gush and small-talk (which is the smallest of all small-talk) and has no difficulty in presenting an attractive and authoritative estimate of her work in the words of obliging friends, among them HARDY, BRIDGES, GALSWORTHY, BENNETT, RICKETTS, BARRIE, WELLS, GILBERT MURRAY, MASEFIELD, "MAX" and SHAW—the last naturally looming large in the picture, and by no means confining himself to compliments; but summing up thus in an "Aside," doing duty for a preface: "Her secret was that she combined the executive art of the grand school with a natural impulse to murder the Victorian womanly woman; and, this being just what I needed, I blessed the day when I found her; and, if I become Dictator (which may happen to anybody nowadays), will most certainly engage and command her, for an enormous salary, to broadcast all the loveliest and splendidest pages of English literature every day to them that have ears to hear her."

#### Salt in the Sugar.

MISS NOEL STREATFEILD'S latest novel, *Tops and Bottoms* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), is sure to find admirers among the devotees of pretty stories (and there are many of them) written about spinster aunts who wallow in their love of flowers and children, who have whimsical ways, capacity for sacrifice and a deep understanding of human nature. *Felicity*, joint heroine of the book with *Beatrice*, her adopted slum-child, has all these qualifications, but she has a rather tart sense of humour as well, and mercifully is able to dislike some of her precocious nephews and nieces—the children of a sister married to a juggler. When the sister dies *Felicity* and *Beatrice* join the theatrical family, and then the book begins to be amusing. Miss STREATFEILD writes well about the juggler, his landlady, and even better about an ex-music-hall star and her grandchild, a loathsome baby artiste whose golden hair and lisped numbers touch the heart-strings of multitudes. The thing that astonished

me most about her book is that, though it is so saccharine in quality, she despises (and very wittily too) the sugary emotions of other people. In fact the general flavour of the book is suggestive of sweets that have been dusted rather lavishly with salt.

#### Murder Most Foul.

*Thug; or, A Million Murders* (SAMPSON LOW, 8/6) is both a well-deserved tribute from Colonel JAMES L. SLEEMAN to his distinguished grandfather and a most interesting history of organised crime. When Major-General Sir WILLIAM SLEEMAN set to work, some hundred years ago, to suppress and obliterate the Thugs they had for three centuries been carrying on their wholesale and relentless crimes in India. The account given here of the extent and nature of these murders may make civilised people shudder, but at the same time it evokes unstinted admiration for those who tackled the gigantic task of ridding India of terrible pests. Colonel SLEEMAN claims, quite justly, that the extinction of this ancient religion of murder represents a jewel in the crown of Empire. A book that deserves to be widely read.

#### Kidnappery.

MISS HILDA WILLET has been so liberal in her provision of clues that the wit of man will not be supertaxed in solving *Mystery on the Centre Court* (STANLEY PAUL, 7/6). But if the story of *Halverton Laverell's* sudden disappearance is a little weak from a mysterious point of view, it is told with such careful attention to characterisation that it stands out among its sensational fellows. The chief villain (I refrain from mentioning his name) is a most plausible scoundrel, and the wife of the vanished *Laverell* is a well-observed study of a woman who has discovered that to suppress any symptom

of intelligence is the way to make her family administer unceasingly to her comfort. A tale that may safely be placed on lists for holiday-reading.

#### Slum Progress.

Public opinion has been greatly stirred by the recent appeals of the Archbishops of CANTERBURY and YORK for a final drive against our slums; and Mr. Punch's readers will find in *Challenge*, published at one shilling by the ST. PANCRAS HOUSE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY, LTD., not only an absorbing history of the work of that Society in Somers Town, but also an admirable survey of many aspects of the housing problem.

"123,000 MORE AT WORK  
COAL THE ONE BLACK SPOT."

Daily Paper.

And likely to remain so.



"ROTTEN OLD PITCH THIS, AIN'T IT?"